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WHOLE NO. 55.

LONGING.

BY JAMES W. BRADSHAW.

Of all the myriad moods of mind

That through the soul come thronging,

None so long and so intensely

As that which we call longing.

For some transcendent moment

When we shall feel that we are

At last in the presence of the great

That we have been seeking.

It is a longing for the new

That is in the air about us

And in the hearts of all men

Who are awake and true.

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will know enough to go to the pew to speak to you as soon as he comes down out of the pulpit. Good-by.

Edith followed her aunt down to the carriage, and when she had got in, she turned back and waved her hand to the old lady's knee.

"I am very grateful to you," she said, "for what you have done for me. You are all the